Fen. Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a Prieſt,
And tarry ready at the appointed place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

Hoſt. But how will you come to ſteale her from among them?

Fen. That hath ſweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,
I ſhall be ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound vnto thee,
Beſides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They ſay there is good lucke in odde numbers,
Ioue transform'd himſelfe into a Bull,
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fatteſt
In all *Windſor* Forreſt: Well, I ſtand heere
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page and Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ: Page. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Miſ. For. I ſir *Iohn*, I ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.